A Farmer's Scrap-Book

by

Robert F. Lawrence

A FARMER'S SCRAP-BOOK

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LAWRENCE
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ROBERT F. LAWRENCE

Literature Dept.

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THE SCRAP BOOK

JUST the scrap book of a farmer,
But perhaps no one will look
At the simple things that's written,
In the pages of the book,
But to me it is a pleasure,
When I've finished work at night,
Just to take a pen and paper
And a thought or two to write.

Just the scrap book of a farmer,
One who all his life has tried,
Just to gather up the flowers,
And the briars lay aside,
Who has learned the sweetest roses,
That life's garden may adorn,
Must be meekly plucked with prudence,
If we would avoid the thorn.

Who has lived out in the open,
Toiled away for many days,
Learned a little about nature,
Learned to greatly love her ways,
Being just a plain dirt farmer,
Let me ask, would it be wrong
If I open up my scrap book
With a little garden song?

LOVE IN A GARDEN

MEET me, sweetheart, in the garden,
I've a cozy corner there,
Hid away among the flowers,
Fragrance from them fill the air,
No one there to listen to us,
Should we chance to speak of love,
No one there to spy upon us,
But the stars in heaven above.

Meet me, darling, in the twilight,
How I long to see your face,
Hear the music of your laughter,
Feel once more your fond embrace,
All day long my thoughts are of you,
Nightly, I but dream of you,
When we meet then you must tell me
That my dreams all will come true.

Meet me, sweetheart, by the fountain,
Where the crystal water flows,
Where the lily's perfume mingles
With the fragrance of the rose,
Where the sweet alyssum blossoms,
Form a border white as snow,
Round a plot where in profusion
Columbine and larkspur grow.

Mid such beautiful surroundings,
With my sweetheart by my side,
She, with sweetest intonations,
Promises to be my bride,
Then we delve into the future,
Plan a little home of ours,
Trusting that through life our pathway,
Ever may be strewn with flowers.

IF I COULD

I NOW will try and write a little ryhme
That may be helpful to my fellow man,
But being somewhat pressed for space and time
Will put it just as briefly as I can,

If what I write will only cause a smile
Then I will feel that it has been worth while.

If I could write a message full of cheer
To some poor soul that's desolate and sad,
A message that would help to dry the tear
Or make some heart that's sorrowing feel glad,
If what I write, one ray of hope could bring
To some sad breast where hope eternal spring.

If I could write a message full of truth,
A message, one bowed down with age might read,
Or something that would stimulate the youth
To make them brave and strong in time of need,
Oh, could I write a word or two to prove
The magnitude, the worth of kindred love.

If I could write and these few words would be
A beacon light, a light to safely guide
Some voyager on life's tempestuous sea.
That he might safely reach the other side,
A light that some poor sailor tempest tossed
Might reach the harbor 'ere his bark were lost.

If something I might write in this small space
Would help promote the brotherhood of man,
Or help to make this grand old earth a place
Where man could love and trust his fellowman,
Or help make love and charity abound,
In every land wherever man is found.

If I could write, that he who reads might see
Between the lines some hidden mystery,
Might find the beauty I have failed to show
And learn the truths which I have failed to know,
Then I, without a thought of earthly gain,
Am satisfied I have not wrote in vain.

SOMEWHERE

LET us not grieve for loved ones, though dear to the heart,
Life's labors are o'er, they have finished their part,
Their bodies now sleep, but the spirit has flown
To a beautiful somewhere, to mortals unknown.

While crossing death's stream, with its dark swelling tide,
With a kind loving Saviour as pilot and guide,

The zephyrs of love have their bark safely blown
To a beautiful somewhere, to mortals unknown.

Then why let the heart fill with sorrow and gloom,
When all of life's ills end this side of the tomb,
Why secretly grieve, or why murmur aloud,
No beautiful sunset is minus the cloud.

Oh, then may our faith be so strong as to prove,
That we are sustained by the provident love,
Of a merciful Father, who sits on the throne,
In a beautiful somewhere, to mortals unknown.

Emotions will rise and the tear drops will fall,
As we listen in vain for our loved ones to call,
While they peacefully wait there, to welcome their own,
In the beautiful somewhere, to mortals unknown.

OVERLY FARM

WE have a little artist here,
Not many know her name,
She being only in her teens,
Has not acquired fame,
In fact she only started out
A little while ago
To decorate the inside of
A four-room bungalow.

How skillfully she mixed her paint,
I watched her for a while,
Amazed at her true cleverness,
Enchanted by her smile,
Her genial personality
Can drive away the gloom,
This little artist always brings
Real sunshine in the room.

She had a box of brushes there,
As she selected one,
The paint at first went slow, because
It did not choose to run,
She had most every color there,
Blue, red and black and brown,
Half of the paint went wrong side out
And half was upside down.

But still undaunted, undismayed,
Incessantly she toiled,
She cared not if her dress was smeared,
Or if her hands were soiled,
But her sole object was to paint,
And to the world to show,
How she could paint the gloom away,
From that old bungalow.

One room was yellow, trimmed with blue,
The colors harmonize,
One was all to the mustard, and
One bluer than the skies,
Why, just one peep into that room
Would make a rainbow blush,
To see the colors how they blind
When Lizzie wields the brush.

Another room was painted red,
With trim as white as snow,
And everywhere that Lizzie went,
The paint was sure to go,
Why she had paint upon her hair,
And paint upon her shoes,
Her dress was touched up here and there,
Her raincoat had the blues.

The other rooms I'll not describe,
Sufficient if I say
That one was colored dark maroon
And one a pearly gray,
She picked these colors out herself,
And when I asked her why,
The little artist said, "Because
They're easy on the eye."

Next time I went to see the place,
The job was all complete,
With pictures hanging on the wall,
And draperies so neat,
The furniture all polished up,
And everything so grand,
This gloomy bungalow transformed,
The brightest in the land.

If like this little artist, we
Would make this life worth while,

When obstacles come in our way,
Remove them with a smile,
At times when things look dark and drear,
Like her we should begin
To try and paint away the gloom,
And let the sunshine in.

BIRTHDAY SOLILOQUY

JUST sixty-one years old tonight,
November, dark and cold,
As I sit smoking, someone asked
If I am feeling old,
This was my answer, "Old? Not I,
Why I would have you know
I'm feeling just as spry to-night
As thirty years ago.

Some dread old age, allude to life
As this dark vale of tears.
What nonsense. I've not found it so
In more than three score years.
Sometimes there's bitter with the sweet,
Stand up like men and take it,
And learn that life to each of us
Is largely what we make it.

For sixty years now, I have watched
The summers come and go.
For sixty years I've felt the chill
Of winter's wind and snow,
But never yet has springtime failed
With sun and gentle showers,
To swell the bud, bring forth the leaf
And open up the flowers.

Youth, like the springtime, does not last,
But time goes on and on,
The harvest comes in autumn time
When all the flowers are gone,
But memories of them still remain,
Their fragrance lingers near,
Which helps to make the autumn time
The brightest of the year.

Youth struggles on in frantic haste
As if to gain the prize,
But never yet has youth obtained
The thing that satisfies,
They scoff at age and look with scorn
On one with silvered head,
Tomorrow they will tread the path
Where we, today, have tread.

Then come, my friend, grow old with me,
For age adjusts the eye,
To feast on beauty that in youth
We passed, unnoticed by,
Years can illuminate the soul
And clarify the mind,
And fill the heart with human love
For all of human kind.

SWEET RECOLLECTIONS

OH, how much would I give just for one day to be
In the home of my childhood so fair,
And to see all the faces familiar to me
That knew nothing of sorrow or care,
Where we romped and we played through the warm summer day,
Days all filled up with sunshine and song,
Each one with a spirit so happy and gay
That the longest day never seemed long.

Chorus

I have friends good and plenty wherever I go,
But this longing comes where're I roam
For a look at the faces that I used to know
And a day with my playmates at home.

Oh, how much would I give could I sit on the knee
Of the mother who loved me the best,
And to watch those fond eyes beaming down upon me
As she patiently rocked me to rest,
And to hear that sweet voice as she sang me to sleep
With my head nestled close in her arm,
Knowing well that her vigil she'd faithfully keep
That her love would protect me from harm.

Oh, how much would I give if the same little girl,
One that used to play marbles with me,
With the sparkling blue eyes and that cute little curl
Had remained always single and free.
I would search the world for her, for deep in my heart
Is a feeling that love never dies.
I can never forget how she threw cupids darts
With her smile and those snappy blue eyes.

Oh, how much would I give could I meet her once more
In the shade of the old apple tree,
And to know that the girl I had oft' met before
Would be watching and waiting for me.
In my dreams I can see her so lovely and fair,
And her voice like the song of a bird
Seems to soothe all my sorrow and drive away care,
'Twas the sweetest voice ever was heard.

Oh, how much would I give could my sweetheart and I
Meet again by the old garden gate,
At the old trysting place where in years that's gone by
We would linger discussing our fate.
Oh, the sweet recollection of things that are past
In my memory a picture so fair.
I shall never forget, not as long as life lasts
That sweet girl with the golden brown hair.

OUR COUNTRY

AMERICA, America,
Who could but sing of thee,
A land so beautiful and great,
Home of the brave and free,
A land wherein no monarch sits
To dictate from the throne,
But where the citizens may choose,
A leader of their own?

We love and trust the government
Of this, our glorious land
Where justice, liberty and truth
Are working hand in hand,
Where rich and poor alike may sit
Beside their own camp fires,
There to enjoy the heritage,
Bequeathed them by their sires.

Although still in its infancy,
The world has never known,
A country that has prospered and
Developed like our own,
The wheels of progress roll so fast,
Until today 'twould seem
That things have been accomplished
Which exceed man's fondest dream.

Where through the dismal wilderness,
Our fathers blazed the trails,
We speed o'er roads of concrete now,
Or roll o'er iron rails,
And where great cities stand today
And heavenward point church spires,
That used to be the camping ground
Of our heroic sires.

Great tribulations they endured,
They labored long and hard,
And we, their children's children now
Are reaping the reward.
Then as we laud America,
With song and words of cheer
Let's jog our memories, lest we
Forget the pioneer.

A land of many million souls,
All loyal, brave and true,
A land so vast, with just one flag,
The red, the white and blue,
The stars and stripes long may it wave,
For since 'twas first unfurled,
Its been the hope of the oppressed,
A blessing to the world.

Eastward, the rocky coast of Maine,
Wet by Atlantic spray,
Westward, the broad Pacific rolls,
Three thousand miles away,
Great lakes and rivers, hills and plains,
And mountains grand and high,
All help to make this land of ours,
The fairest 'neath the sky.

We love the mountains solitude,
The music of thy rills,

With pride we watch the cattle graze,
Upon a thousand hills,
Thy fertile valleys teem with corn,
And on thy boundless plain,
We grow enough to feed the world,
Of rich life giving grain.

Deep in the bowels of the earth,
Rich minerals abound,
Man's every need supplied from out
Or underneath the ground.
America, we sing of thee,
But it would take, how long?
To put thy beauty into rhyme,
Thy greatness into song.

THE NEW SANTA

'TWAS the night before Christmas, way out in Peapack,
And I was at Valley Brook Farm,
Enjoying sweet dreams as I peacefully lay
Tucked in bed very snugly and warm,
When all of a sudden, I heard a great noise,
Which aroused me from out a sound sleep,
Then, I threw on my bathrobe, one slipper I found,
As I ran to the window to peep.

Now, the ground, it was covered all over with snow,
And the full moon was shining so bright,
As I pushed back the curtain to see who had come
Out to Peapack at this time of night,
And there was an airship, right by the front door,
Packed full with dolls, skates, sleighs and toys,
The driver was shaking his finger at me,
As if to say, "Don't make a noise."

Then he took a large package all filled up with toys,
As he cautiously entered the door,
I stood there a-wondering where in the world,
I had seen this brave pilot before,
If this was old Santa, then where was his sleigh?
And why was he acting so strange?
Just one more good look as he came from the house,
It was Santa, but My! What a change!

In his eye, the same twinkle, on his lips, the same smile
That for ages, the children have cheered,
On his chin, the same dimple, but much more pronounced,
Since his long flowing whiskers were sheared,
And the stub of a pipe that he held in his mouth,
When the soot made his face black as tar,
He has long since discarded, and now when he smokes
'Tis a mild nicely flavored cigar.

And that great big round stomach that used to shake so
Every time that old Santa would laugh,
He did not have with him, the old belt he wore
Would reach round twice and a half,
When I asked him about it, he just simply smiled,
And said it was really no use,
That corpulent people were quite out of style,
Mrs. Santa insist he reduce.

The chimneys, old Santa don't use any more,
For some of them are very tall,
And sometimes you will find a house here and there
Without a chimney at all.
And the fleet footed reindeer which he used to drive,
Would answer a few years ago,
But compared to the airship that he uses now,
Those reindeer were awfully slow.

He requested, that I, to the children explain
How most everything changes with time,
And also suggested, to me 'twould be well,
To just put it crudely in rhyme,
Then he stepped in his airship and threw in the switch,
In an instant had vanished from sight,
While wishing a bright Merry Christmas to all,
A Happy New Year and Goodnight.

VOLUNTEER FOR PEACE

THE world now calls for volunteers,
Who will enlist to-day?
And help to drive the clouds of war
From all the world away.

In the last war each nation thought
That their own cause was just,

How many thousands young and strong
Now sleep beneath the dust!

And as the broad Atlantic bears
Our ships across the waves,
They pass above where heroes lie
Asleep in watery graves.

'Tis over now, why hold a grudge
Against a vanquished foe?
Why sow the seeds of hate that will
For generations grow?

Hate cannot heal the wounds of war,
But truth and justice can
Wake up the spark of love that lies
Within the heart of man.

Let all then volunteer for peace,
Let hate from earth be driven,
Respect and trust our fellowman,
Forgive and be forgiven.

Then years from now, when we are gone,
When cannons roar shall cease,
The world will sing the praise of those
Who volunteered for peace.

ONE DAY WITH NATURE

GET close to nature, learn her ways,
And listen to what nature says.
You'd find her in the woods and farm,
You'd find in her life's sweetest charm,
You'd learn from her just how to find
A happy and contented mind.

List to her voice, it can be heard
In the sweet singing of the bird,
The gentle humming of the bees,
In wind a-whispering through the trees,
In the soft patter of the rain,
The rustle of the ripening grain.

I started out one morn to find
Rest for my body and my mind.

I walked through pastures wet with dew
Where smilax and wild roses grew,
I walked for miles until I stood
Beside a passage in a wood.

I wandered farther down the glade
In quest of cooler, denser shade,
Came to a brook that flowed between
Its banks of fern and mosses green,
Sat down and listened to its song,
As steadily it flowed along.

And there I sat for hours and thought
Of the great things by nature wrought,
Though worked oft in mysterious ways,
They never fail to speak her praise,
Enraptured by the solitude,
Alone with nature in the wood.

I listened to the blue bird's song
And watched the robin brood her young,
Saw squirrels leap so gracefully,
From bough to bough, from tree to tree,
And saw the oriole neat and trim
Construct her nest beneath the limb.

I saw the woodcock in the swale,
Heard the shrill whistle of the quail
And watched the black bird, and the thrush,
Seek out their food beneath the bush,
Saw the sleek coated bobolink
Fly to the brook to bathe and drink.

I saw the woodchuck and the hare,
The possum and the fox were there,
And 'neath the nut trees down the glen,
The little chipmunks played, but when
They saw that I was walking round,
They quickly scampered from the ground.

The deer and fawn came and partook
Their noon-day drink from out the brook,
A beautiful, but timid pair,
No creature of the wood more fair.
With admiration I looked on
Just for a moment, they were gone.

I was enchanted with the scene,
The sunbeams dancing through the screen,

Formed by the giant oaks that stood,
Like sentinels throughout the wood,
As if placed there by nature's hand
To guard the beauty of the land.

I, in my meditation, pause,
Nature, how peaceful are thy laws!
The trees, the brook, the bright blue skies
Seem perfectly to harmonize,
Through forest filled with beast and bird,
Not one discordant note is heard.

Aroused from my sweet reverie,
At last I raised my eyes to see,
Far in the west a cloud arise
Which dimmed the brightness of the skies,
The lightning flashed, the thunders roared,
And soon the rain began to pour.

My thoughts then were, if I could gain
Protection from the wind and rain,
That I might wait perhaps an hour
And watch the passing of the shower,
So naturally I looked around
To see what shelter could be found.

I found a cave, not made by man,
Constructed just by nature's plan,
Stepped in and watched the rain come down
Upon the dry and thirsty ground.
There sheltered from the storm I stood,
Alone with nature in the wood.

At last the sun shone out again,
I raised my eyes to heaven, and then
Saw through the mist to my surprise,
A bright bow span the eastern skies,
It seems that nature spread her shroud
To paint a rainbow on the cloud.

Oh, who may know the magic power
Stored up in one short summer shower;
The whole earth seemed refreshed and glad,
And birds that in the morning had,
Chose out their softest notes to sing
Now made the woods with music ring.

I heard the owl at eventide,
His hoo-hoo echoed far and wide,
Saw the woodpecker sink with ease
His beak for food, in hardest trees.
And in the twilight, cool and still
I listened to the whippoorwill.

I saw the sun sink down to rest,
Among the hill tops of the west,
Such gorgeous colors n'ere were seen,
Portrayed on canvass or on screen,
No artist's brush from any land
Has made a picture half so grand.

Oh, who can tell what grandeur lies
At sunset in the western skies!
Words fail me when I would portray
The beauty of the parting day,
Amazed I watched the wondrous sight
Fade into darkness of the night.

Then as the evening shadows fell,
I started homeward there to tell
Of all that I had seen and heard,
Of wood and stream, of beast and bird
And felt that it had done me good,
One day with nature in the wood.

CHANGED BY TIME

SWEET Rosedale, where my youth was spent,
Dear sunny hamlet of my birth,
A place I've cherished all my life,
As just the fairest spot on earth.
I now return and view the wreck
That time and progress here have made,
Find nature's beauty all destroyed,
In vale and hill, on glen and glade.

While hamlets sleep, the towns grow up,
And growing cities must expand,
The wheels of progress, slow and sure
Crowd back the farmer from the land,
And all of nature's lovely charms
In which the rural folk took pride

Have been completely blotted out,
Have ruthlessly been cast aside.

Torn are the fertile hillsides where
The farmer plied his arduous trade,
And fought the insects and the blight,
Unmoved, unenvied, undismayed,
All the rich valley land laid waste,
The contour of the river changed,
The natural beauty wiped away,
Which nature neatly had arranged.

As I stand meditating now,
Scenes of the past flash o'er my brain,
A ray of anguish pierced my breast,
Which turn past pleasures into pain.
Gone every landmark that I loved,
The blacksmith shop upon the hill,
The old schoolhouse, the little church,
The country store, the busy mill.

And just a few short years ago,
The farmers then for miles around,
Would bring their products to the mill,
Oats, corn and barley to be ground,
The miller had a smile for all,
Would grind sometimes both night and day,
But now the farmers are no more,
The miller too has past away.

It seems as if I hear it now,
The water, rushing through the wheel,
And see the miller at the door,
His coat all whitened with the meal,
His flock of chickens, Plymouth Rocks,
They toiled all day from early morn,
Like gleaners in the days of old,
They salvaged all the scattered corn.

Now, what a change! No more we see
The things that add to life its charm,
No more the fields of waving grain
Or nicely cultivated farm.
No more we hear the milkmaid's song
At evening, when the cows come home,
Or watch them fill the shining pail
With luscious fluid, capped with foam.

No more we see at break of day
The ploughman starting with his team,
No more the scent of new mown hay,
Of which the poets write and dream,
And quilting parties, husking bees,
That well into the night would last,
Are known no more, such joys as these
Are obsolete, scenes of the past.

A concrete structure stands today,
Where once a bridge just made of wood,
Served as a means to cross the stream.
Oft' with my playmates I have stood
Above the water, clear and cool,
And watched the minnows dart about,
As cautiously with childish skill
We angled for the wary trout.

The river banks are landscaped now,
Wild rose and fern all rooted out,
Rare shrubs are planted here and there,
And gravel walks lead all about,
Where nature spread her loveliest charm,
In some secluded quiet nook,
Since they have crowded nature out,
All have an artificial look.

They, for a moment, please the eye,
This landscape beauty, works of art,
But nature's charms, more subtle are,
They sink in deeper, touch the heart,
For with a lavish hand she spread,
Her beauty there of such a kind,
Those simple charms of hers, that leave
A lasting imprint on the mind.

The water looks the same today
As ever, on and on it flows,
The only thing that has not changed
And murmuring softly as it goes.
In childhood days it seemed to soothe
All my imaginary care,
Its murmur now seems sad, as if
It would my lamentations share.

'Tis hard, when one with memory filled,
With old time charms, the kind that cheers,

Finds all have been removed, when he
  Returns in his declining years.
'Tis hard emotions to suppress,
  Hard to accept what progress sends,
But memory always will hold dear,
  Old times, old customs and old friends.

NOVEMBER 22, 1927

ANOTHER birthday, sixty-two,
  Another year has past,
Another mile stone out of sight,
  My! But the years fly fast,
But when we look around and see,
  And everything we read
Must prove to any thinking man,
  This is an age of speed.

And that's perhaps the reason why
  Time speeded up awhile,
It either had to change its pace
  Or else be out of style.
What if the years fly swiftly by
  Each one is filled with joy,
And I, at starting sixty-three,
  Still feel just like a boy.

Some friends came round this evening, just
  To help us celebrate,
And others called to wish me luck,
  And to congratulate,
And others living far away
  By mail, best wishes sends,
I never yet could figure why
  I have so many friends.

Of course Ma made a birthday cake
  (She has made quite a few)
I lit the candles, placed them on,
  Exactly sixty-two,
And then the friends that we had there
  At once began to yell,
"Now, Bob, let's see you blow them out,
  We know you can blow well."

I drew in all the breath I could,
And then I let 'er go,
And upset every candle there
With just a single blow.
My nephew, Frank, reached out his hand,
Said, "Uncle Bob, let's shake,
You're good at blowing, good at golf,
Now, you must carve the cake."

But when I went to cut that cake
('Twill never be forgotten)
I raised the blade to plunge it in,
That cake was filled with cotton!
Imagine my embarrassment,
At this auspicious time,
Why, what I thought about that cake,
I fear to put in rhyme!

But one conclusion I can make,
It plainly goes to show,
Young folks are just as bad today
As they were years ago,
I sometimes like a joke myself,
But will leave it to you,
If that was nice to play on one
Whose age is sixty-two.

HOW LINDBERGH FLEW TO FAME

WITH the Spirit of St. Louis,
Charles Lindbergh, late in May,
Started on his trip to Paris,
Just at the break of day;
Off from Roosevelt Field, Long Island,
He left his native shore,
Determined he would make a trip,
No man had made before.

'Tis hard to judge the courage, this
Lone voyager possessed,
But not so hard to guess the thoughts,
That surged within his breast,
Faith in himself, faith in his ship,
A will to do and dare,

And confident that he could go,
To Paris through the air.

The Spirit of St. Louis did
Most wondrously perform,
She sailed a thousand miles through fog,
And rode upon the storm,
No beacon light to show the way,
With her no living soul,
But Charles A. Lindbergh at the helm,
And Paris for the goal.

The engine like a living thing,
Kept up the rhythmic song,
For three and thirty hours as
The staunch craft sped along,
At Le Bourget he landed safe,
Without the slightest jar,
Our hero stepped from out the plane,
And said, "Well, here we are."

The whole world loves a hero and
When Lindbergh touched the ground,
The French were there to welcome him,
While thousands crowded round,
The radio sent forth the news,
The flags were all unfurled,
And Charles A. Lindbergh was proclaimed
The hero of the world.

Across the sea they love this boy,
Just as they would their own,
A welcome such as he received,
The world has never known,
By kings and rulers entertained,
Their luxuries he shared,
His modesty, when reaching home,
Was truly unimpaired.

America is justly proud
Of her heroic son,
Who all alone accomplished that
Which man had never done.
The rich and poor in every land
Pay honor to his name,
And history will surely tell
How Lindbergh flew to fame.

LET'S TRY

IF we could lend a helping hand
To all we find in need,
Regardless of nativity,
Of color, race or creed,
And make each feel they are a part
Of this world's wondrous plan,
We'd be working out the problem
Of the brotherhood of man.

If we could lift some brother up
Who's sinking in the mire,
And by some word of kindness fill
His heart with new desire,
We may not by the crowd be cheered
Nor by the world be seen,
But we're working out the precepts
Of the lowly Nazarene.

If we could minister to those,
By prison walls confined,
If we could teach the lame to walk,
With patience lead the blind,
If we could feed some hungering soul
Who craves for saving grace,
We'd write upon the sands of time
Truths no one could erase.

If by some chance it is our lot
To wipe the tears away,
As some poor mother mourns her son,
Her boy who went astray.
If we could cause one ray of hope
In that sad heart to shine,
We'd be following the example
Set by Him, the One Divine.

If we should meet some one bowed down
Beneath the chastening rod,
Who feels forsaken by his friends,
Forgotten by his God.
If we could help dispel the gloom
And fill that heart with joy,
We'd be building up a monument
Which time could not destroy.

If we could share each other's joys,
Each other's sorrows share,
If we with love and charity
Each other's burdens bear,
If we could make some sacrifice
By which the world would gain,
A feeling comes within us that
We have not lived in vain.

WHEN LIZZIE WENT TO CAMP

ELIZABETH, since you have been to camp,
Your beautiful Topper, the little scamp,
Looks sad as he goes with his tail hung down,
His usual smile has turned to a frown,
It seems the whole place is bereft of cheer,
We live in a different atmosphere,
And the gloom and sadness increase each day,
For there's no real sunshine with you away.

I cannot imagine just why you went,
And left this congenial environment,
To go way back there in the wilderness,
'Tis a puzzle to me, I cannot guess,
If its just the camp there that has the charm,
A hundred camp sites on your father's farm,
The beauties of nature you there may find,
We have nature's beauty and art combined.

And then for amusement, the tennis court,
The golf links, they furnish abundant sport,
I've oft' watched them playing, it seems such fun,
Each trying to get in the cup in one,
And then for a dip in the swimming pool,
With the water so pure and clear and cool,
Then, if of the sunshine you are afraid,
Bask away 'neath the elm or maple shade.

Come back, now, at once, and share in the joys,
Of beautiful girls and frolicsome boys
Where the young ducks quack and the chickens lay,
Where the old cat purrs while the kittens play,
Where there's something doing the livelong day,
Where its never the same with you away,
See the little pigs with their tails all curled,
No prettier picture in all the world.

Come back where the roses and lilies bloom,
And breathe in the air with their sweet perfume,
Hear the plaintive tone of the lowing herd,
And list to the sweet music of the bird,
Come where nature's beauty is seen and heard,
Where its never marred by an unkind word,
You may roam far away and miss the charm,
Which is only found at Overly Farm.

THE MOUNTAIN STREAM

FAR back among the rugged hills,
My wandering footsteps led,
The dry twigs cracked beneath my feet,
Green boughs hung overhead,
A little mountain stream gushed forth,
With such tremendous speed,
That I resolved to follow, just
To see where it would lead.

It led the way through forest wilds,
Where virgin timber stands,
Primeval loveliness unscathed,
As yet by human hands,
It gave a thrill to walk along,
To see those stately trees,
Lift up their heads to heaven and spread,
Their branches to the breeze.

It led between gigantic rocks,
That undisturbed have stood,
Like sturdy silent sentinels,
On guard there since the flood,
Their moss grown surface ne'er has been
By human beings marred,
Nor has the hammer or the steel,
Their rugged beauty scarred.

Now as the little rivulet,
Flowed steadily along,
I strolled beside its mossy bank,
And listened to its song,
I thought, how like the human race,
It seemed as if it tries,

To choose itself a pathway where
The least resistance lies.

First to the right, then to the left,
A boulder turns its course,
One well might think the little stream,
Would flow back to its source,
And then, 'twould swing around again,
As if it did not care,
Which way it went, or how it went,
Eager to get somewhere.

Then o'er a rocky precipice,
Pell mell, headlong 'twas tossed,
It disappeared among the rocks,
And for a time was lost,
Infatuated, I searched on,
For down the rocky glen,
There bubbled forth so clear and pure,
The little stream again.

It formed a little island then,
One studded all around,
With pebbles washed, all nice and clean,
So white and smooth and round,
And just below a little pool,
And then a waterfall,
And then the little stream ran off
Among the brambles tall.

Down through the tangled coverts then,
I, eagerly, pushed on,
Determined I would follow where,
The little stream had gone,
Then in the clearing just ahead,
The rivulet was seen,
Astruggling on with all its might,
Toward the valley green.

And when it reached the level land,
It flowed more leisurely,
Then joined a larger river there
That bore it out to sea,
'Twas lost again, but not for long,
It will come back again,
To bless the hills and mountain side,
In mist and dew and rain.

BOYHOOD MEMORIES

'TWAS a green and peaceful valley,
In the good old days of boyhood,
With a river clear as crystal,
Flowing southward to the sea;
There we romped and played in childhood
Through the meadow land and wildwood,
Now 'tis called Westchester Parkway,
But its beauty spoiled for me.

Graceful curves placed there by nature,
In the river have been straightened,
And the rugged oaks that shaded
The old swimming hole of yore
Have been cut, and bruised and battered,
The old diving rocks all shattered,
Robbed of all the rustic beauty
Which they had possessed before.

Gone each little tributary
That came tumbling down the hillside,
From the springs back in the meadows,
Where the cattle used to drink,
Where the deer, and fox and rabbit
All acquired the same habit,
Where the trapper set his steel trap,
For the muskrat and the mink.

There, the woodcock, when migrating
To some warmer clime for mating,
Twice a year would stop and visit
And was never known to fail,
There the hunter loved to wander
And perchance much time to squander,
As he searched each side the river,
After partridge, snipe and quail.

There, the woodduck and the mallard,
In the evening just at twilight,
Would be floating on the water,
Cautiously, lest they be seen,
Where the whippoorwill was calling,
And the shades of eve were falling,
Darkness creeping o'er the valley
Lying peaceful and serene.

How the mighty wheels of progress
Can erase all scenic beauty!
How artistic taste of man can
Nature's handiwork destroy!
For the valley and the river
Both have lost, I fear, forever,
All the rough and rugged beauty,
That I saw there, when a boy.

NOVEMBER 22, 1928

ANOTHER birthday, sixty-three,
How fast the seasons roll,
Another year marked off for me
On times eternal scroll.
As we grow old, it surely seems,
The birthdays come and go
A whole lot faster than they did,
Some sixty years ago.

We used to long for them to come,
A year seemed ages then,
We were so eager to grow up,
So anxious to be men,
We would compute the months, and years,
Thought all our troubles done,
If we could only stand the strain
'Till we reached twenty-one.

We loved those sunny childhood days,
When all the world seemed ours,
The jocund days of youth, when all
Our paths seemed strewn with flowers
We loved the days of young manhood,
When we, robust and strong,
Could look the future in the face,
Thought life just one sweet song.

But after reaching twenty-one,
The years brought care and strife,
And we were called to face the stern
Realities of life.
We found the rosy dreams of youth,
Were oft' by sorrow torn,
And paths that were with flowers strewn,
Oft' times concealed the thorn.

But after all, this life of ours,
From childhood to old age
Is like an interesting book,
We learn from every page,
And as the vision broadens out,
And more mature our eyes,
Find what we thought were hardships, were
Rich blessings in disguise.

The years roll on and old age comes,
And brings us sweet content,
A blessing that all humans crave,
From heaven alone 'tis sent,
It takes years and experience,
To make us understand,
That all through life, we're upheld by
A providential hand.

So when our birthdays come around,
May they be full of cheer,
In childhood, youth or age, make them
The best day of the year,
For whether young or old, they bring
Us one year nearer home,
And whether young or old, we hope
For better things to come.

OUT FROM THE PAST

WHILE sitting alone on a dark stormy night,
Enjoying my pipe, with no human in sight,
My thoughts were turned backward as scenes of the past,
Were flashed out before me, distinctly and fast.

Sweet memories of childhood, tonight they come back,
As we quietly glance o'er life's well beaten track,
The present and future, dispelled from our mind,
We delve in the past, and these rare jewels find.

Sweet memories of childhood, some fill us with cheer,
Some cause us to sigh and perchance shed a tear,
But still, how we prize them, rich gems of the past,
Whose beauty and lustre, forever shall last.

Sweet memories of childhood, sometimes in our dreams,
A picture so vivid that really it seems,

That time has turned backward, and we live once more,
Amid the glad scenes so alluring of yore.

Sweet memories of friends, who have left us and flown
To their far-away home in the mystic unknown,
Their absence has dulled and beclouded the years,
The sweetest of memories, mingled with tears.

Sweet memories of home, with the children all there,
A fond, loving mother to cherish and care,
One moment to chide, next to kiss away tears,
To sympathize with them and calm all their fears.

Now out of these memories, the brightest let's choose,
As in deep solitude we so silently muse,
As past joys and sorrows fly swift o'er the brain,
Let's choose out the best and just live them again.

Oh, who could forget them, those bright sunny hours,
The song of the bird, mid the sweet scented flowers,
The laughter of children, so happy and gay,
Rich gems that are strewn along memories' highway.

More sparkling than diamonds or rubies by far,
More precious than gold, these sweet memories are,
Through the great book of life, they illumine each page,
And brighten the pathway, that leads to old age.

MY HOME IN CAROLINA

TAKE me back to the little old vine covered cot
In South Carolina, the land of my birth,
Though far I have wandered, I've never forgot,
That cottage to me was the fairest on earth,
The most beautiful flowers that ever were found,
Grow there in profusion and bloom the year round.

It was on a green hillside, the mountains in view,
A valley between, where a river flows through,
Like a ribbon of silver beneath the sun's ray,
Like gold in the moonlight it peacefully lay,
Each side weeping willow trees served as a screen,
The moss on its banks soft as velvet and green.

There, the birds of bright plumage sing all the day long,
The chorus was swelled by the nightingale's song,

The beautiful humming bird poised in mid air,
Extracting the nectar from flowers so fair,
And out from the east comes a gentle sea breeze,
Awhispering love notes far up in the trees.

When the darkness of night stills the song of the bird,
The deep muffled roar of the ocean is heard,
So peaceful and soothing, it lulls one to sleep
(With a prayer for the safety of those on the deep)
To enjoy peaceful dreams till the larks early lay
So sweetly announces the coming of day.

These friends, were the charms of the home of my childhood,
Since then, I have wandered the whole world around,
Not in castles of Spain or in Africa's wildwood,
Has charms to half equal them ever been found,
No place on the earth where the birds sing so sweetly,
No place where the flowers have fragrance so rare,
No place where the men prize their honor so deeply,
No place on this earth is the maiden so fair.

Then who, let me ask, who has not felt a longing
To return to the home land, and visit once more
The haunts of their childhood and at the day's dawning,
Start out once again, youthful scenes to explore,
The years in our absence has changed many places,
As we look about us we truly will find,
But thoughts of the home land and visions of faces,
Time's ravages never can blot from the mind.

TO REJUVENATE, PLAY GOLF

SOME say that golf's an old man's game,
But listen, kid, they're wrong,
For when an old man takes to golf,
How quickly he grows young,
And should his hair be mixed with gray,
At least one hair turns black,
Each time he lifts his driver up
To give the ball a smack.

Golf is just like the game of life,
If we would play it fair,
In every task, each drive me make,
Let's hit them clean and square,

And should the ball land in the rough,
Or in the sand drop dead,
Don't be discouraged, knock it out,
The fairway lies ahead.

I've played, sometimes, when young and old,
Enjoyed the game together,
And played with ladies who could play
In fair or stormy weather,
But when these young chaps come around,
With knickers and a caddy,
Just listen, kid, they must shoot straight
To beat your young granddaddy!

Some people, as the years roll by,
And conscious of the truth,
They, like De Leon, seek in vain,
Springs of eternal youth,
When if they would just take up golf,
And smack the ball before them,
They would not realize at all,
How swift the years pass o'er them.

Now, if you don't believe these things,
Just come around and see,
You'd better put your glasses on
And take a squint at me,
Since playing golf, I've grown so young,
I sometimes cry and fret,
And though in politics I'm dry,
I crave the bottle yet.

Some folks, in order to keep young,
Cruise o'er the seven seas,
And others roam in foreign lands,
And spend a life of ease,
Some rave about the monkey glands,
To bring back youth awhile,
But listen, kid, your grandpa knows,
Golf has them skinned a mile!

LITTLE GEMS

HAVE you been to Ophir Chapel,
Tucked away beside the wall?
Like a jewel partly hidden,
By the trees there straight and tall,

Like a miniature cathedral,
Minus all the pomp and glare,
No cathedral is more precious
To the few who worship there.

Have you been there at the service,
Sunday afternoon at four,
Felt the atmosphere of reverence
As you enter at the door,
And when joining with the rector,
In the psalms of praise and prayer,
Have you felt the inspiration,
Felt the God of Peace was there?

At the closing of the service,
Every head bowed down in prayer,
Then a holy, solemn stillness,
Seems to permeate the air,
As the evening shadows gather,
The late sunbeams softly shine,
Through the window, leaves a picture,
Pilgrims kneeling at a shrine.

In this day and generation,
Many human hearts aspire,
For a church thats larger, greater,
More elaborate and higher,
With a vision partly clouded,
By the glare such greatness brings,
We oft' fail to see the value
That belongs to little things.

MEDITATION

I LOVE to sit where the robins sing,
Way out in the garden in early spring,
And think of the power so great, unseen,
Who gave the earth such a carpet green,
Who gave to each flower its own perfume,
And a wealth of beauty to every bloom,
Who gives us the sunshine and the rain
That the earth may bring forth her fruits again.

I love to sit at the dawn of day,
Watch the rising sun drive the mists away,
As out of the ocean it seems to rise,
And take up its journey across the skies,

To watch how its wonderful rays of light,
Dispel all the darkness and gloom of night,
As the morning stars softly fade away
And the whole earth welcomes the new born day.

I love to sit at the great sea side,
And gaze o'er the waters far and wide,
Watch the giant waves as they shoreward come,
And are lashed by the winds into seething foam,
And list to the ocean's deep toned roar
As the waves dash high on the rock bound shore,
While the mists from the breakers floating high,
Form a miniature rainbow in the sky.

I love to sit there and think that He,
Creator and ruler of land and sea,
The Great God of Hosts whom the saints adore,
Whose merciful eye reaches every shore,
How He cared for His children in ages past,
Our hope and our refuge while time shall last,
For all those who trust Him, He will defend,
With a love that no human can comprehend.

I love to sit in the dim twilight,
As the day so silently fades to night,
When naught but the crickets' doleful sound,
Break in on the silence so profound,
And feel in my soul a receptive mood,
To drink in the blessing of solitude,
When the small, still voice so soft and clear,
Is plainly heard by the listening ear.

I love to sit while the north winds blow,
When the fields are covered with frost and snow,
And think of the balmy days of spring,
When the flowers bloom and the robins sing,
And think that the tempest of life was sent,
As a lesson for us, and the storms were meant
That we should more fully realize,
The blessing of spring and its bright blue skies.

TIME

THIS life seems like a race with time,
And time is sure to win,
We're launched into the stream of time
Soon as our lives begin,

We drift along with time awhile,
Till we are old and gray,
Then time goes rushing swiftly by,
And leaves us by the way.

Time, like a mighty river flows,
With ever changeless pace,
And takes along where'er it goes
All of the human race,
Time never shows partiality,
Rich, poor, the great and small,
Are treated all alike by time,
For time will get them all.

If, we, while drifting down the stream,
Would stop and just look back,
And see the havoc time has wrought,
Along the backward track,
We'd see our friends of long ago,
Old, young and in their prime,
Distributed along the way,
Among the wrecks of time.

Time builds up empires, makes them strong,
And with their power in sway,
They almost rule the world and then
Time brings them to decay,
For everything grows strong with time,
Until they reach the peak,
Then the same time that made them strong,
Will serve to make them weak.

Today is ours, improve the time,
Naught from the future borrow,
Procrastination gets nowhere,
No one has seen tomorrow,
For when the morning's rising sun,
Sends forth her first bright ray,
Of light and heat upon the earth,
It still remains today.

Man has worked wonders on the sea,
And wonders in the air,
Inventions most miraculous,
Are seen most everywhere,
Inventive genius played its part,
In every land and clime,

But nothing man has made withstands
The ravages of time.

But words of wisdom and of love,
To guide the human race,
Uttered in this fair land of ours,
Or any other place,
Spoken today or yesterday,
Or in the ages past,
Shall always be preserved and live,
As long as time shall last.

If, we, then in this race with time,
O'er this life's little span,
('Tis at the most a few short years
Alloted unto man)
If we do well and truly try,
Each day our best to give,
We help to make this grand old world,
A better place to live.

And then when time has won the race,
And our life's work is done,
When we are laid aside to rest,
And time goes on and on,
If just some little thing we've done,
Has filled some heart with joy,
We may have left some thought behind
That time will not destroy.

THE KELLOGG PACT, 1929

REJOICE, ye nations of the earth;
The Kellogg pact is signed,
The people's will has found a voice,
And now may all mankind
Resolve that should disputes arise
Which sometimes lead to war,
They may be arbitrated now,
As in a court of law.

Now, they have laid the cornerstone
Who would not help along?
They surely cannot build alone,
A structure well and strong,

They need the help of all the world,
To strive that war shall cease,
Let every nation help to build
This monument of peace!

In war, who reaps the victory?
The young and strong are slain,
The conquering nation seldom has
Accomplished any gain,
When joy of victory subsides,
And all count up the cost,
The victor and the vanquished both
Have met tremendous loss.

See streams where purest water flowed,
With human blood run red,
See fertile fields where mingled lay,
The dying and the dead,
See cities, towns and hamlets wrecked,
And torn by shot and shell,
We meditate, then peace is heaven,
And war is truly hell.

If spears were changed to pruning hooks,
And swords to ploughshares turn,
'Twould naught avail if people then,
Of deadlier weapons learn,
Away with all these dread machines
That serve naught but to slay,
The poison gas, the submarine,
And banish them for aye!

In place of these, then, let us build,
Along the Kellogg plan,
Which leads to justice, peace and trust,
And brotherhood of man,
May nations all unite and build,
A monument to prove,
That we can banish war and hate
And fill the world with love.

Oh, may God grant, 'ere many years,
All thoughts of war may cease,
That all the world may truly strive
For universal peace,
Then generations yet unborn,
High in their halls of fame,
Shall point with gratitude and pride
To Kellogg's honored name!

SOME MIXTURE

I AND a friend of mine, one day
Were talking in a casual way,
About the games that we could play.
Before the story, let me say
This friend of mine, I must admit,
Was young and strong and always fit,
When playing thought that he was "It,"
A golf ball was his favorite hit.

And so we hummed and hawed awhile,
One listening would surely smile,
'Twas like the prattle of a child,
As this young chap, himself, oft' styled,
Professor This, Professor That,
A swelled head sometimes breaks the hat,
I listened as he blew off steam,
Loath to disturb a pleasant dream.

Just two games, Jack thought he could play,
Five Hundred, one, and by the way,
The other, golf, now I must say,
Jack as a rule was very keen,
But apt to get mixed up between,
These simple games, try as he would,
It seemed as if he never could,
Concentrate on them as he should.

Five Hundred, always in the hole,
At golf, the sand trap seemed his goal,
At putting he, his best, would try,
When near the cup, his ball would shy,
Most always would go rolling past,
A trifle slow or just too fast,
But on the day he challenged me,
We both walked bravely to the tee.

A game of golf was on and now,
Professor smote the ball and how
That much sought-after little sphere,
Went whizzing through the atmosphere,
'Twas high and far, but my, how tough!
The ball descended in the rough,

Way out among the grasses tall,
Jack browsed around to find his ball.

I teed up, gave my ball a rap,
Straight out, but curved into the trap,
Next shot I knocked it on the green,
A better shot I've never seen,
Then came a twelve foot putt for me,
I made it neatly as could be
Which gave me the first hole in three.

(Tee Number 2)

Jack teed up, hit, then gave a howl,
He sliced his ball, then claimed a foul,
Another try he'd take, he vowed,
I claimed that fouls were not allowed,
Said Jack, "If that's the way you feel,
At least I claim 'twas a misdeal."
So I, not worried with the score,
Said, "Go ahead and drive once more."

When we approached green number three,
Jack turned around and said to me,
Just as he gave his ball a thump,
"My bid is ten, ten on no trump."
I looked, he showed no signs of pain,
He simply was mixed up again,
What could one say to such a fellow,
I sympathize with Massenello.

Now just to make the story short,
We played nine holes, had lots of sport,
And I won seven, Jack had two,
Professor felt a little blue,
Ask him about it, if you do,
He'll say this story isn't true,
But don't mind him, think of the strain,
Golf and Five Hundred on the brain.

Then we had lunch, it tasted fine,
With hickory nuts and home made wine,
Don't be alarmed, when made 'twas meant,
For less than half of one per cent,
Jack ate or drank too much I fear,
For when his head began to clear,
He cried out like a great big chump,
"My bid is ten, ten on no trump."

OUR HOME

I ONCE built a house on the crest of a hill,
Away from the town where 'twas quiet and still,
'Twas not very large, only five rooms or so,
A nice healthy place where the children could grow,
It faced to the south where the morning sunlight
Could enter each room, make them cheerful and bright,
A yard in the back where the children could play,
Out in the fresh air and the sunshine all day.

The cottage, I painted as white as the snow,
With blinds just as green as the green grasses grow,
Fixed up all around it to make it look neat,
With just a small lawn, 'twixt the house and the street,
And there I had planted some shrubs and some trees,
There, birds reared their young, sang and swayed in the breeze,
It gave me real pleasure each night as I'd come,
To rest from my toil in a place that was home.

Then I built a well by the side of the road,
So weary pedestrians bearing their load,
If perchance any time they were passing that way,
At morn or at eve or the heat of the day,
They would stop, drink and eat, then rest for a while,
Refreshed, then their journey resume with a smile,
A cup of cool water to lighten the load,
And cheer up the weary on life's dusty road.

I always had hanging alongside the well,
A dipper made out of a cocoanut shell,
The bucket was oak, bound with iron, of course,
Just like the old fashioned ones minus the moss,
And some moss covered stones where one could sit first
To cool off a bit before quenching the thirst,
And a large apple tree, with fruit red and sweet,
So when one had drank, then he also might eat.

Southeast from the cottage a walk started straight,
To the garden, but curved before reaching the gate,
Each side there were shrubs, with some flowers between,
They always looked nice with the grass short and green,
Larkspur and white lilies, delphinium tall,
And clematis trailed o'er the old garden wall,
Their beauty would charm and their perfume would rise,
Like incense to bless on its way to the skies.

The place all around looked so cozy and cute,
With vegetables, flowers and all kinds of fruit,
Grapes, apples and peaches and raspberries red,
A strawberry patch, an asparagus bed,
String beans in abundance, both yellow and green,
Beets, carrots and lettuce, the nicest we've seen,
With sweet corn and limas and tender young peas,
What more could one ask for, the palate to please.

Now these take toil and time, but both are well spent,
If we achieve something that brings us content,
A plain humble cottage or mansion most fair,
Would fail as a home were contentment not there,
To all of us humans, wherever we roam,
Down deep in our hearts, comes a longing for home,
Then lets make it pretty and cheerful to prove
That this home of ours is surrounded by love.

OCTOBER MORN

I ROSE up early, just at dawn,
One beautiful October morn,
And watched the sun, as its first ray,
Proclaimed the coming of the day;
'Twas still as death, no sound was heard,
By stillness oft' the soul is stirred,
Then in the early quiet hours,
We meditate on nature's powers.

I pondered thus, while standing there,
Was ever morn in June so fair?
The frost like diamonds sparkling bright,
Against the mornings soft sunlight,
The dazzling splendor of the east,
To both the mind and eye a feast,
See beauty, wonderful, sublime,
Float down the corridors of time.

The cool, crisp air, the kind that fills,
The soul with joy and creates thrills,
Although the frost has killed the flowers,
There is much beauty left that's ours,
And now the day has well begun,
The frost and dew kissed by the sun,
Attracted by its rays so warm,
Lifts like a veil, reveals the charm.

See all the hill tops wreathed in mist,
The foliage, gold and amethyst,
In rolling meadows, green as June,
The blue bird chants its farewell tune,
The migratory birds fly high,
Against a cloudless azure sky,
All nature smiles, who could but say
'Tis good to be alive today.

TOO FAST

THE strenuous life we are living today,
Compared with the years that are past,
If duly considered, I think one must say,
Is surely a little too fast,
The great wheels of progress, so rapidly roll,
Most all of us join in a chase,
That must weaken the body, and callous the soul,
Of all the speed crazed human race.

How often I think of the years that s gone by,
Before this great struggle began,
When real human beings, their utmost would try
To act like a real human man,
When man thought that honor was worth striving for,
Contentment, more precious than gold,
When justice and truth were considered worth more,
Than glamor of riches untold.

Let's go back where the beauties of nature flow,
Where the soul has a chance to drink,
There to work out the problems we do not know,
Where the brain can find time to think,
Far away from the place where the speed mad throng,
Dart around in some swift machine,
Where the air is pungent and flavored strong,
With the fumes of burnt gasoline.

Let's go back to the mountains whose fastness holds,
Nature's gems that are rich and rare,
We may not find jewels, or silver or gold,
But there's peace and contentment there,
Just to sleep at night, then to waken at dawn,
Undisturbed through a peaceful dream,
By the Toot-toot-toot of a tooting horn
Or the horrible siren scream.

Lets go where the river flows peacefully through
Green valleys where solitude reigns,
The strength of the hills stand out plainly in view,
And far in the distance, the plains,
All lying so tranquil, one longs to stay there,
Where no sound, discordant is heard,
Where whispering winds softest notes on the air
Are diffused by the song of the bird.

As through the green valleys between the strong hills,
The river flows quietly down,
To where it is harnessed to run the great mills,
And light up the city and town,
The river enraged, now that man should confine,
In fury its forces are hurled,
Against the steel walls of the giant turbine,
To help do the work of the world.

If, we, like the river, would too do our part,
From solitude we must withdraw,
And take up our place in the world's busy mart,
Get back into harness once more,
Though noises annoy, and the crowd may displease,
Remember your duty and then,
You'll blush at the thought of a life lived at ease,
When there's work to be done among men.

SONG OF THE HEN

I LOVE the song of the blue bird,
The harbinger of spring,
And the notes of robin red breast,
Rich melody they bring,
The clear call of the whippoorwill
As the evening shadows fall,
But the rhythmic song of the laying hen
Is the sweetest of them all.

Rhode Island Red or Plymouth Rock,
The Leghorn, white or brown,
All sing the same melodious song,
That care and sorrow drown,
For when they sing, they surely work,
And when they work they lay,
So when they eat and drink and sing,
Then they begin to pay.

I love to hear the brown thrush chant
Its notes so soft and clear
And bob white as he sings "More Wet,"
Makes music for the ear,
I could listen to the chickadee,
Or the twitter of the wren,
But sweeter by far than these to me
Is the song of the laying hen.

I love to wake at dead of night,
And through the stillness hear,
The echo of the clarion call
Of the gallant chanticleer,
Soon to return to peaceful dreams,
At dawn to wake again,
Refreshed and strong to hear the song
Of the busy laying hen.

Who would not go where grasses grow,
Far from the cities crowd,
To a place so quaint, there's no complaint,
When a rooster crows aloud,
Where heaven's blue, that we gaze into,
Is illumined by the stars,
Where chickens lay and children play,
Round a cottage that is ours.

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE OF PURCHASE

I HAVE written before, but I must write again
A word about these representative men,
A grand lot of fellows, I know every one,
They represent most every land 'neath the sun,
French, German and Scotchmen, and English galore,
And just one or two came from Erin Go Bra.

Now after a season of strenuous toil,
Growing all kinds of products that spring from the soil,
Fighting all kinds of insects, diseases and blight,
They love to steal off on a cool autumn night,
Though in some things they failed, yet they go undismayed,
Down to Lawrence's Inn for their iced lemonade.

I would like very much, now, each name here to place,
But so many names would require much space,

To do them all justice would take a long time,
And a difficult matter to put it in rhyme,
So to shorten the story, the best I can do,
Is to mention the names here of just one or two.

There was President Barnes, he's our leader, you know,
And Treasurer Fourcade, he handles the dough.
Vice-President Ridout and Lakin and Wilson,
Mr. Sealey and Beckett, and Martin and Tilson,
Mr. Heumann and Casburg and Nelson and Dunn,
When these get together there's sure to be fun.

As a lot of real school boys in days that's gone by,
Prized their annual picnic on Fourth of July,
Just so we looked forward with hearts full of cheer,
To this grand celebration we held once a year,
We would banish all care and make one big parade,
Down to Lawrence's Inn for our iced lemonade.

The menu, a shore dinner, served a la carte,
And the way Lawrence serves them, sure touches the heart,
To these sons of toil, with a dinner just right,
Each course serves to sharpen a sharp appetite,
They were growing quite restless, 'twas plainly observed,
Around half past eight when the dinner was served.

I was down there myself and it sure did me good,
To watch how these toilers made way with the food,
How the fish, clams and lobster just vanished from sight,
As I, myself, took an occasional bite,
The exquisite clam broth just served as a bracer,
And iced lemonade, each one used as a chaser.

It was a grand dinner and each did his share,
To help make this outing a joyous affair,
Not one of these boys, whether play or hard work,
Has ever been known once their duty to shirk,
The toastmaster said, "Boys, now this celebration
Will be just complete with a little oration."

Mr. John Dunn arose and he took as his text,
"Our social reformers, what will they do next?"
One thing is quite plain, cigarettes they must go,
And the skirts may be shortened a half inch or so,
They would sentence a man to hard labor for life,
Should he be caught petting another man's wife,

Then Taylor spoke up and said he has known
Men to get the same sentence for petting their own.

You all know McManus, if not, then you ought,
For of this committee Jack is the real sport,
Anything that he has you could borrow or beg,
I heard him say something about Haig and Haig.
The face of the waiter, his feelings betrayed,
As he pushed Jack a schooner of iced lemonade.

Now you can imagine how Jack must have felt
As he emptied that schooner inside of his belt,
He then turned around and said something to me,
About good old days when the country was free,
When good ginger ale could be had for a nickle,
With crackers and cheese and a nice juicy pickle.

A little bit later, we all had to laugh,
As Taylor called out he would take half and half,
The waiter just smiled as he reached in the shade,
And pushed out a stein filled with iced lemonade,
Taylor said half and half as he tipped him a quarter,
The waiter replied, "Lemon juice and pure water."

Mr. Taylor looked pale, he was thinking of home,
Where the steins are heaped high with a milky white foam,
With a rich amber fluid beneath its white crown,
That would cheer up the heart, and all sorrow would drown,
And he thought of the bar maid, so anxious to please,
In the home of his boyhood, across the broad seas.

It is growing quite late now, the time flies so fast,
Another auspicious occasion is past,
But still in our memory, we shall hold dear,
This one celebration we hold every year,
We can look back with pleasure to times that we strayed,
Down to Lawrence's Inn for our iced lemonade.

JULY 4TH, 1929

GREAT God of Hosts, look down as now
We celebrate the birth
Of independence which made this
The greatest land on earth,
Thou, who did'st guide us in the past
Look down on us we pray,

And bless this native land of ours,
On this her natal day.

What makes America so great?
Her lakes and water courses,
Her hordes of gold, her boundless plain,
Her wonderful resources?
No, these alone would not suffice,
The greatness of a nation
Is measured by the type of men
That form its population.

We had great men in years that's past,
Today we have them too,
Great men who dream great dreams and then,
See that those dreams come true,
Men with a vision that can pierce
The future mists and see
Potential benefits that wait,
To serve humanity.

There's great men here from other lands,
From far across the waters,
From every nation 'neath the sun,
Adopted sons and daughters,
They help to make this nation great,
And join with us and say,
God bless this glorious land of ours,
On this her natal day.

If we could realize how hard,
Our fathers fought that we
Be blest with such a heritage,
America and free,
They struggled more than seven years,
Oft' pressed by grim despair,
To pull the British ensign down,
And place our own flag there.

No radio then to spread the news,
Of stars, and stripes unfurled,
But like the shot at Lexington,
That echoed round the world,
The joyful tidings quickly spread,
O'er valley, hill and plain
From town to farm, from farm to town,
On, on, and on, again.

And later when this land of ours,
Torn by internal strife,
The liberty we loved then stood,
In danger of its life,
There came forth leaders, valiant men,
Unselfishly they served,
A just and righteous cause was won,
The union was preserved.

Adherence to the golden rule,
Has healed the wounds of wars,
And times unceasing energy,
Has blotted out the scars,
So we, a nation, stand today,
And to the world can prove,
That human hearts in every land,
Respond to human love.

At peace with all the world today,
More gratifying still,
There's peace within our borders,
And a feeling of goodwill,
From east to west, from north to south,
From our remotest strand,
The cry goes up from every heart,
God bless our native land.

Great God, to whom all heads must bow,
And every knee shall bend,
Look down and on this nation now,
Thy benediction send,
And grant that we may keep the faith,
That we may never stray,
From precepts that our fathers pledged,
For Independence Day.

THANKSGIVING DAY

THANKSGIVING time is here once more,
We gather round the festive board,
And as our fathers did of yore,
We render thanks to Thee, O, Lord,
For great store houses running o'er,
Filled to the top with golden grain,
Enough to feed the world and more,
Until the harvest comes again.

We come with gratitude again,
For all the gifts Thou dost bestow,
For those who reap and grind the grain,
For those who till the soil and sow,
For dew and rain that Thou dost give,
For the bright sunshine freely shed,
That beast and bird may eat and live,
That we may have our daily bread.

Who craves for luxuries more rare,
Than this fair land of ours can give,
Or feels he does not get his share,
Of dainties others may receive,
Yet feasts on good things every day,
Thoughtless of how or whence they came?
Draw from the festive board away,
And meekly bow your head in shame.

With everything the heart should crave,
How often we dissatisfied,
Long for the things that others have,
When all our wants have been supplied,
No room for pleasure, when the heart
Is filled with envy, hate and strife,
Crowd out these monsters ere they start
To crush the sweetness out of life.

The sunshine's bright and we complain,
We murmur, but the grains mature,
Oft' we are fretted by the rain,
Which our rich harvest does assure,
We worry lest the blight destroy,
And dread the early frosts of fall,
All these forebodings but annoy,
The harvest comes, enough for all.

Lord, hear us now, this is our prayer,
When things to us look dark and drear,
Help us to realize, somewhere
The sun is shining bright and clear,
Help us to feel and know in part,
That all good things from heaven are sent,
Create in us a thankful heart,
And shame us for our discontent.

For as we look around and see,
These tables heaped with fruit and flowers,

We wonder then if there could be,
A land more beautiful than ours,
Where wheat fields glistening 'neath the sun,
Wave like vast seas of burnished gold,
Each harvest is a victory won,
Whose real worth never has been told,

Thanksgiving time 'mid joyous scenes,
With friends and those that we hold dear,
Let's not forget, Thanksgiving means
More than just feasting once a year,
For in this life all that we have,
The fruits of this more bounteous land,
With all the good things we receive,
Come from a providential hand.

APRIL 1929

THE spring has come, how many I have seen,
And yet it seems the grass was never half so green,
Or skies so blue, nor ever has the bird
Poured forth such melody, as yesterday I heard,
The tiny bud, kissed by the sun and rain,
Begins to swell, and soon will burst to flower again,
The chilling winds of winter now are o'er,
Let us rejoice and sing, for spring is here once more.

We long for spring, but when it comes 'tis true,
We still look forward, for we love the summer too,
When sweltering rays of July sun are shed,
To ripen up the grain and paint the berries red,
To warm the earth that she her best may give,
Man reaps the harvest then that man and beast may live,
And then we, weary of the hot sun's rays,
Long for the cool and bracing air of autumn days.

Of autumn's charms, I would not try to tell,
For tongue or pen has never yet described them well,
Go out and see the fields of ripened corn,
And view the forest foliage on an autumn morn,
See where Jack Frost with skillful hand unseen,
By his artistic touch has turned the leaves from green,
To blended colors, wondrous to behold,
In the bright sunlight, scarlet, lavender and gold.

Now as with spirit filled with joy we sing,
And chant the praise of autumn, summer time and spring,
Let's not forget as by the fireside warm,
(We boast of these) that winter also has its charm,
There's music in the wind, the hail and rain,
Beauty in ice and snow and frosted window pane,
Now I maintain each season of the year
Has something beautiful, the human heart to cheer.

NOVEMBER 22, 1929

ANOTHER birthday, sixty-four,
And yet it seems to me,
That it was only yesterday,
That I was sixty-three,
Now that is quite enough to say
About years going fast,
But will say just a word or two,
About the year that's past.

I've had more pleasure out of life,
Have worked and played much more,
And found enjoyment in the things
I never liked before,
I think that we all change as time,
Tears off another page,
It seems to me that life, like wine,
Sure does improve with age.

In this old world in which we live,
That floats around in space,
I've found for over sixty years,
A very pleasant place,
Storms may arise and tempests rage,
Cast off all doubts and fears,
There's beauty all along the way,
As we float down the years.

Let us enjoy each moment then,
Resolve each day at dawn,
That he was wrong who prophesied,
That man was made to mourn,
In this great world, there's everything
To fill the heart with joy,
They have increased a hundred fold,
Since first I was a boy.

In boyhood days, in years of youth,
We may find things that thrill,
But leave within our hearts a void,
That time alone can fill,
But youth has never felt a thrill,
However blithe and gay,
The way it comes to one who sees,
His children's children play.

It is not gold that cheers the heart,
As age comes on apace,
Nor yet has fame, contentment brought,
One of the human race,
But words and deeds of loving friends,
They gently slope and pave,
The way with love that mellows up
The pathway to the grave.

MY WISH

WHEN I am called to lay aside
This tenement of clay,
And my soul pass to realms unknown
To wait the judgment day,
It is my wish that no one grieve,
No tears for me be shed,
For grief cannot restore to life
Nor tears revive the dead.

For Him in Whom I have believed
Who died upon the tree,
And gave himself a sacrifice
That we from guilt be free,
Though I have sinned and caused my Lord
In sorrow oft' to bow,
He Who has blest me all my life
Will not desert me now.

I want no flowers to decorate
As I in rest profound
Await the hands of loving friends
To lay me 'neath the ground.
Just pray that my departed soul,
May ever rest in peace
With loved ones who have gone before
Where joys shall never cease.

Then let your sympathy and flowers,
If aught you have to give
Go to the lonely, sick and sad,
To cheer them while they live;
For flowers create sunshine in
The souls of those who see,
But their beauty and their fragrance
Would both be lost to me.

For me a sheaf of ripened grain,
I have lived many years,
And found that faith in Christ alone
Can calm our doubts and fears.
He Who has been our resting place
In generations past
Remains the same today, and will
As long as time shall last.

He makes me lie in pastures green,
Beside the waters still,
He leadeth me, my soul refreshed,
Then shall I fear no ill,
And when I reach death's chilling stream
And face the swelling tide,
He Who has cared for me through life,
Will be there by my side.

FAITH

WHEN sorrow comes (all have our share)
Afflictions that are hard to bear,
When everything looks dark and drear,
Our friends may try, but fail to cheer,
Then look to Him, to Him Who wept
Beside the tomb where Lazarus slept,
A man of sorrows, ours, He'll share,
And all of our afflictions bear.

When the stern hand of death shall come
And cast a shadow o'er the home,
When those we love are torn away,
Forever from our sight to stay,
Turn to the Comforter, the One,
Who raised the widow's only son,
He will be with us all the day,
And gently wipe the tears away.

And when in solitude and grief,
Doubt struggles with our faint belief,
The voice that's stilled, the vacant chair,
The wounded heart crushed by despair,
Cries out to Him, Who by His will,
The tempest calmed, with "Peace be still,"
He then will every doubt remove,
And fill the heart with faith and love.

MAY AND APPLE BLOOM

OH, come with me just for a day,
This is the jolly month of May,
The skies are blue, without a cloud,
Our feathered friends, now sing aloud,
As they sit swaying in the breeze,
On tiny branches of the trees,
And on the air the sweet perfume
That only comes from apple bloom.

If things with you have all gone wrong,
Forget your troubles, come along,
Or bring them with you if you must,
We'll bury them beneath the dust,
With all imaginary care,
We'll dig down deep and leave them there,
For half the ills of human kind,
Are simply shadows on the mind.

Come out and see the fields aglow,
With beauty everywhere you go,
The meadows like a carpet green,
The orchard, decked to greet a queen,
All nature now springs forth to life,
And everywhere is beauty rife,
The cherry, plum, the peach and pear,
And apple bloom perfume the air.

See how the tiny buds unfold,
With tints of red and pink and gold,
Awakening from their winter's sleep,
Up through the warm moist earth now peep,
Sweet daffodils, narcissus white,
Spring up it seems just over night,
Then find in some sequestered spot,
The tiny blue for-get-me-not.

So come, I want to ask if you,
Have ever dreamed of skies more blue,
And ask if you have ever seen,
Such pretty trees, or grass more green,
Or whether you have ever heard,
More charming music from a bird,
Have you inhaled more sweet perfume
Than May air filled with apple bloom?

Of all the months in all the year,
The grandest of them all is here,
While each of them may have their charm,
Some are too cold, some much too warm,
But when May comes, it's sure to bring,
The flowers that bloom, the birds that sing,
And air that's filled with sweet perfume,
That only comes from apple bloom.

Come out where nature's charms can rest
The weary mind, the troubled breast,
Its soothing power, rich joys impart,
It stirs the pulses of the heart,
Creates fresh hopes, dispels despair,
As one breathes in the fragrant air,
That's laden with the sweet perfume,
That comes alone from apple bloom.

EVERYTHING TO LOVE

I LOVE the work of nature's hand,
The beauty of the flowers,
The stately rose, the lily fair,
The honeysuckle bowers.

I love the birds that build their nests
Far up into the trees,
That sing their song, and brood their young,
While swaying in the breeze.

I love the waves that dance and play,
And dash upon the shore,
The mist-made rainbow, from the spray,
The ocean's deep toned roar.

I love the valley soft and green,
The rugged rocks and hills,
The music from the wind swept plain,
The laughter of the rills.

I love the fields of waving grain,
That gentle breezes sway,
The rythmic patter of the rain,
The scent of new mown hay.

I love the little helpless babe,
The children at their play,
The stalwart youth, the man mature,
The aged, bent and gray.

I love the hosts of loving friends
That greet me with a smile,
What more than human fellowship,
Can make this life worth while?

And oft' as evening shadows fall,
I, in a pensive mood,
Would steal away, lured by the call,
I love the solitude.

We search o'er all the earth below,
We gaze to heaven above,
Each way we look, each way we go,
We find the things we love.

And now, friends, let me ask what more
Should human beings crave,
Than things we love, spread out between,
The cradle and the grave?

THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE'S OUTING

THE committee from Purchase, well known around here,
Go outside to celebrate once every year,
But the last one on Wednesday, nineteenth of September,
Was the one that all will for sometime remember.
A real jolly party, they went down the road
With visions of lobster and pie a la mode,
For at just eight o'clock was the feast to begin,
With a shore dinner served down at Lawrence's Inn.

You ought to have seen them as happy as boys
On a bright Christmas morning perusing their toys,
This one with his sweetheart, that one with his wife,
Each bent on enjoying the good things of life,
Then they stepped on the gas and away with full speed,
Down to Lawrence's Inn for their annual feed.

There was Treasurer Fourcade and President Barnes,
Courages and Taylor, the spinner of yarns,
Baird, Crawford and Breslin and quite a few more,
If counted correctly I think just two score,
All jolly good fellows, hale, happy and hearty,
And each with an appetite primed for the party,
Each felt in his innermost self he could win
At the eating contest down at Lawrence's Inn.

Bates at first wouldn't go, poor innocent child,
He thought that the party perhaps would be wild,
But Lakin convinced him by gentle persuasion,
That he ought not to miss this auspicious occasion.
I saw him today, he was glad that he went,
Considered his money judiciously spent,
He is not a bit sorry he put up the tin
Which purchased two dinners at Lawrence's Inn.

Scholl, Martin and Heumann were there, but 'tis said
First their children and wives were tucked snugly in bed,
Then these three old birds had the time of their lives,
As they ate, drank and danced, feeling sure that their wives
Were safe from the tumult, the bustle and din
Which they would encounter at Lawrence's Inn.

Well, the dinner was fine and all soon agreed
That Lawrence supplied all the innerman needs,
Then Huhne jumped up, said to him it seemed queer
That the Committee had not met oftener here,
And made the suggestion next year we begin
To hold monthly dinners at Lawrence's Inn.

Mr. Dunn then arose and gave an oration
On what prohibition had done for the nation,
How it made all men honest and emptied our jails,
Made the workmen contented with full dinner pails,
He hoped the hard stuff would not come back again,
The committee collectively answered Amen,
They were glad that iced tea and not champagne and gin
Had been served at the banquet at Lawrence's Inn.

All had a good time, but how painful to part
With the things that we love, things that's dear to the heart,
Then about ten o'clock as we bade them goodbye,
I saw a large tear drop in Taylor's left eye,
Now I'll wager a nickle and feel a sure winner
That the boys will soon call for another shore dinner.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER'S GRAVE

THEY laid him here to rest among
The great men of the land
With men who held the destinies
Of nations in their hand
And great men often gather here
And with uncovered head
With words of sympathy and praise
They eulogize the dead
But 'tis this hero lying here
That gives the heart a thrill
Fame sought him not he was unknown
Unknown but honored still.

We say unknown but still feel sure
That this our hero here
Left home and friends and loved ones
That were to him most dear
Perhaps a sweetheart or a wife
Or father old and grey
Still mourn for him and always will
Till life has passed away
He made the Sacrifice Supreme
All that he had he gave
Then gently lay a wreath upon
The Unknown Soldier's grave.

He sleeps the bugle call disturbs
His peaceful rest no more
No more he'll hear the shriek of shell
Or cannons deafening roar
No more he'll see the streams of France
With human blood run red
Or search for wounded comrades
'Mongst the dying and the dead
He answered to his Country's call
Was loyal true and brave

Shall we not drop a tear above
The Unknown Soldier's grave.

When we as men with human hearts
And human sympathies
With human love within our breasts
Think of such things as these
And find that war has left a curse
A blight on every clime
The wounds may heal, but scars remain
'Till blotted out by time,
To know that thousands have been slain
The young, the strong, the brave
We pray for world wide peace above
The Unknown Soldier's grave.

WHERE WE LIVE

WHAT a beautiful place is this world of ours!
With its meadows green, with its birds and flowers,
With its lakes and rivers, its boundless plain,
With its millions of acres of golden grain,
And all things good for the use of man
That he might work out the creator's plan!

What a wonderful world is this world of ours,
With its winter snows and its summer showers,
With its verdant valleys, its mountains high,
With their snow capped peaks pointing to the sky,
Where thousands of planets as large as ours
Are sustained in their courses by unseen powers!

What a wonderful world, what a wonderful plan,
The creator left to be worked by man,
With untold wealth hid beneath the soil,
To be gathered only by patient toil,
So left that the labor of man might prove
That we are sustained by a provident love.

What a wonderful brain has been given to man
That he might work out the Creator's plan.
He has dammed up the stream beside the hill
And watered the desert at his will.
He has tunnelled the mountain and rivers wide,
His ships float above and beneath the tide,

He sails through the air as on wings of a bird
And for miles through the air can his voice be heard.

Yet man who was made in the image of God,
With this beautiful earth for his abode,
Who has conquered the sea and has conquered the air
And turned desert wastes into gardens fair,
By his love for power and worldly pelf,
Has sadly neglected to conquer self.

So we find today in this world so fair,
Unrest and dissension everywhere,
There is discord and envy, hatred and strife
When really we all ought, in this short life
So live that our lives be a help to others,
What a beautiful world with all men as brothers!

We laud all our heroes who win the wars,
Or sacrifice much for a noble cause,
But what about him who is able to win,
In the fight each day 'gainst himself and sin,
For peace such a victory stands for more
Than one that's achieved by a cruel war.

What a beautiful world and yet we are,
But sojourners here as our fathers were,
They blazed the trail and we follow on,
A few more years and our work is done.
Then let us all try in this life's short span
To be of some help to our fellow man.